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THE AMERICAN WOMAN PERIL

Incredibly the most potent of the factors conducing to that demoralization of the feminine character which is becoming more and more the "note" of American life is the circumstance that Woman has so long been the national religion. The American faith in Woman, though in no respect more egregious than any other form of superstition, has bred a fanaticism so primitive that an impeachment of the divinity entails some personal risk. This has deterred even the boldest of those who, while well aware of the national disaster implicit in American Woman worship, have deprecated all frontal attack upon the peril. Their motive has been akin to that of Socrates who, while teaching his pupils that the gods of Greece were the vainest delusion, urged them to manifest no lack of respect for Zeus and Minerva. Those wise Americans who well perceive the vastness of the scale upon which Woman has developed into our most native sham, lay stress upon the futility of all efforts to expose her.

For great is Diana of the Ephesians. We have all heard of that Demetrius, the silversmith, who made silver shrines for Diana which brought no small gain unto the craftsmen. These did Demetrius call together with the workmen of like occupation, warning them that the great goddess was in peril of falling into contempt and the magnificence of her whom the world worshipped threatened with decay. And the whole city was filled with confusion. Yet Ephesus was no more sacred to her goddess than is our republic dedicated to Woman and the voice lifted to impeach her is drowned in a wrathful chorus of the American equivalent for the aspiration: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

It is doubtless true that the man who is vehement in denunciation of woman has been prejudiced by experience of the sex, but it is less sharply realized that the man who speaks with enthusiasm of woman has been biased by his experience likewise. He who, blessed by a virtuous mother or a faithful wife,

and loved by sweet sisters, turns out an optimist on the theme of Woman, is no less mistaken in generalizing from his personal experience than is the crabbed misogynist cursing a whole sex because the maid he loved proved faithless. A process of feminization so far-reaching as that which menaces American institutions to-day should be studied in the scientific spirit of a Thomson investigating the conductivity of electricity through gases.

The crucial aspects of the feminization now sapping the national energies are the sovereignty of woman in the home and her favored position as the pet of the law. It is the experience of our race, coördinated in the history of the past four thousand years, that whenever and wherever and whatever woman dominates she disintegrates. She has, for example, disintegrated the Christian church in whichever of its branches the decisive influence is wielded by women. Decay of the church is progressive to just the extent that subordination of the female is neglected by it. To be sure, there are some branches of the Christian church possessed of a primitive vigor. They owe their strength to the circumstance of their domination by men. It is only among those Christian sects which have been invaded to an extent jeopardizing the masculine ascendancy that we see the process of disintegration and decay conspicuous. And solely for the reason that in the American home Woman dominates are we called upon to wonder at the completeness with which the American home lapses and is scattered. The most vigorous department of the national life, the domain of business, is conspicuous for its subordination of Woman to the authority and direction of the masculine mind. There is no trifling, in business, with the principle of that subordination of the female to the male which informs the New Testament as pervasively as it informs business. Hence it may be affirmed that the commercial life of the United States is the most Christianized, in the Pauline sense, of all the forms of American activity, and for this very reason it is the most brilliantly successful. The inexorable penalty, were woman permitted to sway business as she sways the church and the home, would be so extremely serious that the American man simply dare not

carry the national superstition regarding Woman into the counting room. There his rightful mastery of her vindicates the principle laid down in the epistle to the Ephesians.

The integration of the American home, accordingly, is to be effected only in harmony with that Christian principle of woman's subordination to man which imparts energy and efficiency to business. The subjection of women in business is founded upon nature, in man's superiority as regards those traits which enable and entitle a human being to command. No one can contemplate the phenomena of business administration without realizing its Pauline character in the New Testament sense. In the office, in the factory, in the department store, in the counting house, the man, so far as he has administrative efficiency, is there because of his qualifications to command woman in that sphere. Therein is he the image and glory of God. This superiority of the male, based upon nature, outlined in the New Testament, and vindicated by history, could never be disregarded in American business life without destroying our trade, contracting all credit, and reducing the strongest commercial establishments to bankruptcy. The catastrophe of feminization has occurred to the home in America as it has occurred to the church. The home is de-Christianized because woman is sovereign there, precisely as business is Christianized because of its subjection of Woman.

Inevitably, therefore, that feminine restlessness which takes the form, just now, of the agitation to confer the franchise upon women, is anti-Christian. As so numerous an element among those feminizers of the polls, whose success would lower the level of our public life to that of the disintegrating American home, profess themselves Christian, it is essential to set forth here the New Testament theory of marriage so far as it has found expression in the writings of the commentators. The best elucidation is perhaps that of the distinguished Presbyterian divine, the late Doctor Charles Hodge, sometime professor in the theological seminary at Princeton. His exposition of the practical Christian marriage is not only brief but is based upon a collation of the commentators from the period of the patristic writers.

The highest social duty of the husband, notes Doctor Hodge, is love for the wife. "The greatest social crime next to murder," he proceeds, in his commentary on Ephesians — the epistle which bears directly upon the Christian home — is "to seduce the affections of a wife from her husband or of a husband from his wife." The next words merit careful consideration from the standpoint of American man involved as he is in the most dangerous conspiracy of feminization since the age of Pericles:

"One of the greatest evils which civil authorities can inflict on society is the dissolution of the marriage contract (so far as it is a civil contract, for further the civil authorities can not go) on other than scriptural grounds. The same remark may be made in reference to all laws which tend to make those two whom God has pronounced one, by giving to the wife the right to carry on business, contract debts, hold property, sue and be sued in her own name. This is attempting to correct one class of evils at the cost of incurring others a hundredfold greater."

And though, no doubt, there is a copy of the New Testament in every American home, it may save time to transcribe in this place the words of the Apostle upon which this commentator bases his remark: They are from the fifth chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians:

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord.

"For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the saviour of the body.

"Therefore, as the church is the subject unto Christ so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything."

Nothing could be less relevant as a retort to all this than the dogmatic observation, reiterated with such emphasis just now by feminizers of all things American, that the New Testament is a repository of more or less exploded superstitions. It may be so. Jesus Christ may have been, as Shelley says, an ambitious man who aspired to the throne of Judea. Perhaps he

was the incarnate Son of God and the Saviour of the world. The Apostle Paul may have been a pornographic degenerate. He may have been, on the other hand, a great spiritual genius who recognized the unfettered wisdom of the Divine Omnipotence. In either contingency, the Christian doctrine of the relation of man to woman is contained in the New Testament as a whole, precisely as the Homeric theory of the relations between the gods on Olympus is contained in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* taken together. Only a feminine intellect could ever deem itself Christian in the New Testament sense while rejecting the fundamental moral of Christianity in its New Testament sense.

Now, the moral of the New Testament as a whole is the subjection of woman to man. The American who places woman upon a pedestal and worships her as a being above and superior to himself can never be a follower of Jesus Christ. It is from this point of view that the American faith in woman becomes an idolatry no less pagan than the worship of Diana by the Ephesians. Its practical effect has been the spoliation of man, by statute, of his spiritual heritage as a Christian. Such a view of this mystery, as the New Testament terms it, may be bigoted and narrow, but it must not be overlooked that in a free nation one citizen has the same right to a bigoted and narrow interpretation of his relation to the Divine Omnipotence that the agnostic has to his own liberal and broad judgment of what he deems truth. The present state of the law, in so far as it relates to marriage, violates the freedom of conscience of Christians by making woman in her marital relations the pet of the courts.

What makes this discrimination in favor of one sex the more grievous is the moral inferiority of woman to man. The moral superiority of the male is evidenced in his consistent refusal to marry the woman whom he knows to be unchaste. No doubt, there are exceptions, but they prove the rule. Woman, on the other hand, has never refused to espouse a male simply because of his irregularities in the matter of the fundamental moral relation. Even those men who have been most conspicuous for their advocacy of revolutionary and subversive marital rela-

tions will be found strict in their application to the woman they espouse of the traditional ethics. The explanation is to be found in woman's less sensitively organized moral constitution.

The moral inferiority of woman to man is the product of the intellectual difference between the masculine intellect and the feminine intellect. Woman is incapable of faith in the sense of the term employed by Jesus when he said: "If he have faith and doubt not." The mind of woman is of the type styled "memory mind." She can learn languages readily, as a rule. It is easy for her to accumulate in her head historical data and the facts of physics. But her intellect is not creative. She makes no luminous generalizations. Hence the act of faith in a woman implies and involves no such tremendous intellectual surrender as that made by man when, in the spirit of reverent humility, he exclaims: "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God!" Hence the feminine type of Christianity is invariably less adequate than the masculine type. Since there is no respect in which man does not excel woman intellectually, it follows that his acceptance of the teachings of Christ is an act of greater humility than is hers. He has more to yield in the respect of pride of intellect. The creative and original elements of mind are absent from her faith and she can never, in consequence, be as sublimely Christian as man. The female intellect is never scientific.

Inferences based upon the notion that women have been competent physicists, competent biologists, competent physicians, and competent educators are due solely to the fallacy, exploited by feminizers of American institutions, that females have achieved triumphs in laboratories or in the dissecting room. There could be no better evidence than this delusion affords of the confusion of intellectual values throughout this republic as a result of the convention of "chivalry." Let it be granted that women are, in details, more accurate in recording observations than are men. They can never do more than assist in experimentation. Whatever results ensue from the coöperation of women with eminent men of science are ascribed to the ladies out of courtesy. The fame of Madame Curie, associated

with investigations of radio-activity, is so pertinent as to merit a few words.

It was to that subtlest of all minds ever dedicated to the problems of physics, the late Henri Becquerel, that the world is indebted for the momentous discovery of radio-activity. The whole scientific world has heard again and again how, by first covering a photographic plate with black paper, over which he had placed a salt of uranium excited by direct sunlight, Becquerel succeeded in securing an impression upon the plate. It once happened that this primitive apparatus was deprived of access to sunlight. The deprivation made no difference in the effect. It became a matter of crucial import to detect the source of this phenomenon. It was a piece of detective work. Christopher Columbus had pointed the way to the new world. Nothing was easier than to follow it. Becquerel had exploited the prior discovery of Röntgen. Rutherford extended the results of Becquerel. Their verification in Great Britain proceeded simultaneously with the quest of the emanation from other bodies. Pierre Curie, the eminent French physicist, perfected what is called technically a "quartz-piezo-electrical method" of setting to work, thanks to which — with the facilities afforded by Becquerel's original discovery — polonium first and radium next were, as the technical term is, "isolated." Thus did the work of looking for the laboratory needle in the haystack of physics — a mere finding of what someone else had proved to be there — take rank as one of the fundamental achievements in science, simply because a woman had helped the pioneers. Had Christopher Columbus taken his wife aboard when he set sail from Palos in 1492, our feminizers would to-day, no doubt, be insisting that America was discovered by a woman — a claim scarcely less absurd than the elevation of Madame Curie's laboratory readings to the rank of Becquerel's glorious achievement.

No whit less misleading than the error of the feminizer who, for purposes of agitation, exploits Madame Curie, is the delusion propagated with reference to the woman mathematician, Sonya Kovalevsky. It seems odd, in truth, that Sonya Kovalevsky did so little in mathematics until we reflect

that, being a woman, she could not be expected to invent a calculus. Her achievement lay in the absorption of the ideas of other mathematicians. Never in her whole career did Sonya Kovalevsky exploit mathematics in the solution of a single practical physical problem. The utmost that can be claimed for her is an absorption of mathematics as distinguished from the extension of its domain through original discovery. But any ordinary woman could repeat the process, even without a competent instructor, by applying herself to study under conditions permitting the indispensable concentration.

Woman astronomers may be classed with woman mathematicians and woman physicists. Much ado is made about their results by feminizers who take advantage of the popular ignorance of the state of the sciences just now. Evidence is not wanting that the whole theory of natural selection, as set forth by the so-called "neo-Darwinians," may have to be revised in the light of the facts adduced by the so-called "neo-Lamarckians." The attitude taken up by the antagonist forces in the fierce controversy now raging in the opposite wings of the evolutionary party is mutually so irreconcilable that they no longer occupy any common ground. The one certain outcome of the debate is that adequate proofs of the Darwinian hypothesis of natural selection have still to be supplied. Yet the feminizers of American life, and more particularly those feminizers of the polls who seek to confer the franchise upon women, harp upon the idea that the female was in some remote past a dominant factor in organic life. It may be so. The thing has to be proved. It is a hypothesis based upon one application of the theory of natural selection. The lay public, misled by feminized "science," infers that Darwinian natural selection is an accepted fact in every specialized field of knowledge from biology to physics. Nothing analogous to the prevailing confusion of intellectual values caused by the feminist movement has been witnessed in history since the Renaissance.

Woman's invasion of the field of culture is attended with phenomena that readily account for this disintegration. There happens in the intellectual field precisely that pioneering order of events attending the subjugation of the wilderness to the

needs of civilization. The primeval forest of ignorance is first penetrated by the male intellect. The axe of investigation is applied to the tree of error until a clearing of ascertained fact has been made. The temple of learning is planned and built until, made ready for the occupation of woman, its treasures are at her disposal. She wanders among them with the uncritical delight of childhood, imagining that because she can see everything therefore she understands everything. Such has been the history of woman's conquest of the classical studies. Woman to-day can learn Greek and Latin with ease. The cultural value of the dead languages was inaccessible before the Renaissance until the scholars of Italy had rediscovered Greek and Latin grammar and explored the mysteries locked up in Aristotle and Lucretius. Gradually the mass of knowledge accumulated. The Italians of the later middle ages laid the foundations of classical philology, a science finding its best expression among Anglo-Saxons, perhaps, in the scholar Porson. To-day, facilities for the study of the Greek tragedians and the Latin poets are so ample that even a girl of fifteen might produce an intelligent commentary upon the text of Euripides. That is why the strongest men among our educators turn from the field of the classics as a domain now fitted for the "memory mind" of woman. The original research work has been done. Woman, finding the field fitted for her by masculine pioneers, labors under the natural delusion that she has progressed intellectually because she feels at home in the classics. The classics have been brought down to her level, as a matter of fact, for she never could have risen to their height when Leo X sat on the papal throne. They were still above her and beyond her.

It is only because the stern and imperative work of the world is above Woman and beyond her that her subjection to man seems more acute in certain eras of the historical period than in others. In rude states of society woman may possibly be found upon a plane of equality with man so far as savage and prehistoric conditions can afford such a plane. Savage and prehistoric conditions do not facilitate the great intellectual, material, and moral conquests of the field of human experience which render necessary the subjection of women. Were the disintegrating and

inferior female intelligence allowed full sway when man is founding social systems, organizing conquests, or revolutionizing governments, there could be no achievement whatever. Hence, when it devolved upon Sparta to rear the fabrics of her dominion, the rights of woman received scant respect. In the period of development which saw the rise of Rome from a position of insignificance on the Tiber to the dominion of the world, woman's subjection to man was codified and confirmed by the law. The great work of Mahomet was attended by the same phenomenon. Every great crisis in the life of a nation proceeds from its critical phase onward to a solution only if and when woman is relegated to a subordinate state. Woman, for example, did nothing constructive in any phase of the Reformation. She saw the Renaissance develop, as it were, outside of herself. Woman contributed only by effacing herself to the success of the English revolution of 1688. She was a cipher in the framing of the constitution of the United States. She has been conspicuous by her absence throughout the whole process of the development of new markets. The first step in the creative processes of existence is the subjection of woman to man. Otherwise, by her interference with his productiveness, she would limit and defeat it. Such, from the standpoint of the philosophy of history, is the significance of that subjection of women against which the feminizers of America so unscientifically protest. If, then, the first human society was in form a matriarchate it establishes the fact of woman's inferiority to man. Were she his superior, she would have retained her supremacy instead of permitting it to be wrested from her. To put this truth in Darwinian phraseology, the equality of woman with man could have had no function to perform in the evolution of society or else it would have persisted.

The subjection of woman to man, on the other hand, had a most important function to perform in the evolution of society. It eased man of the burden of woman's disintegrating potentiality during the growth of the arts, the sciences, the religions, and the governments. Had the women not been kept in their places, civilization could not have matured. Since the female mind is neither constructive, nor synthetic, nor inventive, nor

productive, it was out of the question to utilize it in any form in the establishment of the bases, the institutions, and the morals of civilized mankind. The feminizers often retort that had woman made civilization, she could not have achieved results worse than those of man. The reply is that the female mind could have achieved no results at all. The choice between doing a thing well or ill does not enter into the case. So abysmal is the chasm between the disintegrating mind of woman and the integrating mind of man that the choice is really between doing a thing and leaving it absolutely undreamed of, unimagined, unsuspected.

Since, then, progress is the fruit of the masculine intellect working coöperatively in council, it became essential to limit the disintegrating potentiality of woman. Otherwise man's efficiency would have been neutralized by the destruction of his creative results. Only because man's efficiency is thereby unfettered, do we enforce the provisions of such laws, for instance, as make over to the husband the services of the wife in and about the household. In the interest of human efficiency, again, a wife cannot make a binding contract with her husband to pay her for services within or without the household. In countless other ways it is found necessary, in the interests of civilization, to keep man efficient by limiting the disintegrating potentiality of woman as respects the rights of property, the rights of guardianship over children, and the rights of suffrage. The fallacy that women can be companions to men is based upon a feminine misreading of life. Woman, at her best, is the ministering angel of man. In our land she is to-day his spoiled child.

As the spoiled child of the higher educational system of the state, the spoiled child of the church, and the spoiled child of the law, the American woman of this twentieth century is in reality a reincarnation of Marie Antoinette — Marie Antoinette in her charm and moral irresponsibility, Marie Antoinette in her refusal to abide by the divine law of the subjection of the wife to her lord, Marie Antoinette in the precipitancy with which she is bringing a thousand shames upon her home and her husband and her native country. The American husband

of this twentieth century, in his vacillation where his wife is concerned, is Louis XVI—Louis XVI in his surrender of domestic sovereignty, Louis XVI in his yielding, at a wife's dictation, to what sound judgment and moral sense condemn. The American home of this twentieth century is Versailles, all over again—that Versailles in which, between the years 1778 and 1792, was enacted a domestic tragedy known to history as the French Revolution but which, in reality, was so impressive an object lesson to the world upon the whole theme of woman.

The moral of the French Revolution for the American man is to be read in its vindication of the precept of the fifth chapter of Ephesians: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord." It was through her refusal to heed this injunction that Marie Antoinette brought the French Revolution upon Europe, precisely as by her refusal to obey the same behest, Marie Antoinette's counterpart, the American wife and mother, is bringing this republic to failure. Had Marie Antoinette accepted marriage in the spirit and in the letter of the New Testament, there need have been no Reign of Terror. The whole mad catastrophe was an anticipation upon a grand scale of what the American wife has made the American home upon a mean scale. To comprehend the life of Marie Antoinette is to know marriage and divorce as they interplay throughout the career of Woman in this republic of the west. For Woman here and now, through her refusal to "submit herself unto her husband as unto the Lord," is bringing upon the United States catastrophes not less appalling in their way than that which made the streets of Paris red with blood.

In place of that one Marie Antoinette whose extravagance and whose escapades destroyed the House of Bourbon, the United States now boasts its Marie Antoinettes in ten thousand disintegrating households. They reign as Queens of the Home. Whether it be the Fifth Avenue pile of the newly-rich plebeian or the commuter's home in some fresh suburb of a city in the west, Marie Antoinette sits supreme therein. Any other pose than that of supremacy would to the American woman mean a subserviency altogether abject. "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord." The

words have been repeated already, but no man's time will be wasted if he learn them by heart, although Marie Antoinette, reincarnate in the American wife, finds them but a jest. She soothes herself with the fallacy that in Paul's time, when the oriental ideal dominated life in its domestic respect, the woman was dependent upon the man, as if there be a producible instance to-day of any woman independent of some man.

Marie Antoinette, then, finds herself in this incarnation an American wife in an American Versailles with an American Louis XVI to destroy.

She destroys him.

Louis XVI, in his American environment, departs to business daily. Louis XVI is absorbed in the treadmill of the office, in the round of the workshop. Louis XVI is easy, good tempered, pliable, a man whom his wife despises for the very qualities that make him lovable. Marie Antoinette is justified in despising her Louis XVI. What the woman craves in the man is strength. Louis XVI never displays that. The American worship of Woman will not permit him. He lacks virility in this Versailles of the American home. It is Marie Antoinette who reigns, governs, storms, defies, makes scenes.

All that made Versailles what it was when Louis XVI ascended the throne of Bourbon France is present in the atmosphere of the American home to-day. The excitements of card parties, theatre parties, house parties, garden parties, bargain counters, automobile rides — these are here. Marie Antoinette is ever to the fore, the cynosure of all eyes, as one Thomas Carlyle phrased it. She has the satisfaction of her jewels, her infatuations with men and women, to whom her Louis XVI objects in vain. Marie Antoinette is perpetually intervening in her husband's life to inject disaster.

Marie Antoinette involved herself in the scandal of the diamond necklace when, as wife of the Bourbon king, every instinct should have pleaded with her better nature for discretion. She has no greater discretion in her American environment to-day. She has still her scandal of the diamond necklace in its modern equivalent of the "run." Marie Antoinette is nowadays a "runner." The "runner" may be

defined as that type of wife whom one sees deserting her husband's home at the slightest provocation, now to dally in the South with the crew on the hotel veranda, again to steam the Atlantic with her face fixed upon Rome, Paris, Vienna, London. Such is the form of the scandal of the diamond necklace in this American twentieth century. It is the American reincarnation of Marie Antoinette who hies hither, thither, and yon in quest of that perpetual distraction without which her Versailles is weariness of the flesh. Her children — the little Dauphin who died, then that other little boy whose fate was so dreadful — lie suffering upon their beds of pain. Their mother, the Queen of the Home, is running hither to London, thither to the hot springs, yon to that bridge-whist orgy. It is all a yielding to that predilection for escapades which in her unspiritual idleness has become a second nature to Marie Antoinette. Louis XVI, that easy man again, will not permit a revelation of all the facts respecting his wife. It is the feminization skeleton in the American closet. He would not suffer the skeleton to be taken out of the closet in the Paris of the eighteenth century, and still less is he inclined to do so in the republic of the twentieth century. But still is that affair of the diamond necklace destroying the reputation of Marie Antoinette, making the man in the street see through her inconsequentiality and her sham prestige straight to the false, hollow, and empty heart of this vain person. In our womanized land the judge signs his decree of divorce behind closed doors. He orders all the papers in the case sealed. The world knows its Marie Antoinette for all that.

Marie Antoinette is forever refusing to efface herself. The Mirabeau who means the safety of her husband arrives on the scene. Mirabeau could have saved Louis XVI, could have kept the royal head from the cruelty of the guillotine. Marie Antoinette would have none of Mirabeau. She will have none of Mirabeau to-day. He is the savior of her home. He incarnates her husband's occupation, his work in the world. Mirabeau is the force which makes for her husband's efficiency. He symbolizes nothing else. Mirabeau finds Marie Antoinette across his path. Louis XVI is too weak to keep Marie Antoinette in her place, to remind her that the man is the head

of the home, that the needs of serious business can never be subjected to her personal whim without disaster.

Mirabeau stands for the reform of the finances of Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette hates Mirabeau for that. Reform of the finances implies extravagance on the part of Marie Antoinette. How the discussion rages in every one of the innumerable Versailles from Maine to California. Louis XVI, finding his two thousand dollars a year or his six thousand a year insufficient for the endless travel of his Marie Antoinette, for the sojourn in Florida to rest those tired nerves, or for that inevitable trip to Europe, takes refuge behind Mirabeau. Mirabeau means that the wife should live by the husband's side, not abandoning him to the weariness of a summer in the city while she flirts and struts among the scandal breeders of the Adirondacks. Mirabeau is dropped forthwith. Away with him—he is a misogynist!

If Marie Antoinette would but stop writing those letters to her relatives, complaining of her home, of her life in it, of her husband and of his occupation! She cannot cease those letters. This writing of letters is the destruction of Marie Antoinette. She is forever writing to her mother, to her brothers, behind her husband's back. Louis XVI comes down to breakfast and lo! an army, ripe for invasion, is on the frontier. Marie Antoinette has been laying plans for this invasion of Versailles by her relatives in Vienna—the whole regardless of Louis XVI. He is wrought to distraction by her unauthorized writing to her brother Joseph. And how this sending of letters that should never have been written is wrecking the countless Versailles and Trianons between Maine and the Pacific!

Marie Antoinette is perpetually nagging Louis XVI to fly. Fly whither? From his duty. Such is the significance of that terrible flight to Varennes on the fatal night in June. Louis XVI refused, long refused, to abandon his France, his Versailles, where were home, duty, all that men of honor care for. She was ever urging flight, flight, flight, from duty, the thing to evade, to run from, to escape. It is the old debate, renewed to-day, proceeding from Maine to California in the myriad Versailles of this republic. The Louis XVI's point to duty. The

Marie Antoinettes think only of Vienna. He, eager for peace in Versailles at any price, she, responsible for the disorder in the finances, for the alienation of the affections of all who know them or of them. She, extravagant, idle, curious, flighty, prone to step in to render her authority supreme where it should not be emphasized at all, arranges everything.

Duty is left behind. Louis XVI lolls in the coach. It seems as if the flight were bound to succeed, as if the frontier line of sin, of compromise, of weakness, of imbecility, will be reached in safety, passed and left in the distance. Not so. Louis XVI is recognized, turned back. In bitter shame and in deepest humiliation Marie Antoinette sees her Louis XVI forced to retrace his steps to that duty which at her instigation he is forever fleeing. Marie Antoinette, the American wife, is ever urging her easy Louis XVI, her American husband, to go with her to the foreign realm of pleasure, to leave the scenes of his work and of his vocation, to dawdle away the easy hours abroad, to abandon the land of his fathers and of his birth. Vainly is that entreaty made, for vain is that attempt to fly.

And next the little Dauphin is dying. It is the heir to the throne and the power of Louis XVI who lies upon the bed of pain prepared for him by the character of his mother. She is too concerned with her interference in the finances, with her thwarting of Mirabeau, with her project of flight, to heed her child. So the little Dauphin, heir to the glories of the Capetian dynasty, sickens and dies. He is sickening and dying in every Versailles, unless, as is now too frequently the case, Marie Antoinette slays him before his birth. She is now a slayer of her race, when in the eighteenth century she let the child at least come into the world. Marie Antoinette is the symbol in this incarnation of race suicide.

Trianon — symbol of the extravagance of Marie Antoinette — how Trianon after Trianon lines Fifth Avenue, Euclid Avenue, North Broad street! The private theatricals, the grand balls, the dinners, the opera singers, the Counts from abroad — these are what Trianon means in this feminized land.

Marie Antoinette has come to her last stage — the divorce court. She has dragged Louis XVI thither in this century as

in the eighteenth she hurried him to the guillotine. At last it is her turn. Her children are scattered. She mounts the scaffold of the law to the guillotine of divorce whither Louis XVI has preceded her. On the day in Paris which witnessed the taking of her life the executioner held aloft for all to see — her head. The episode has its equivalent in the flaring headlines above and below the portrait of the divorced wife, whose features stare unblushingly forth upon the million readers of the sensational prints, which might take as their text for comment upon the whole tragedy: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord!"

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